LEAK
PUBYCMD

EYEWITNESS
DESCRIPTION
OF OSWALD PAYOFF

By James L. Moore

At least two government agents knew about JFK's assassination before it took place, according to a TOP SECRET CIA report. However, both agents' reports were discredited and ignored.

Why?

Shortly after the assassination, according to the CIA report, Domingo Sanchez (not his real name, since he is still an intelligence agent) approached the U.S. chief of station in Mexico (believed to have been Watergate burglar E. Howard Hunt) with a shocking story.

At about noon on Sept. 18, 1963, Sanchez was at the Cuban consulate, waiting to conduct some business related to his own agency's work when he saw a group of three people clustered out on a patio talking just a few feet away. At first there had been two men—a tall, thin Negro with reddish hair, obviously dyed, who spoke rapidly in both Spanish and English, and another man whom Sanchez claimed was Lee Harvey Oswald. A few moments later, the third man walked up, a tall Cuban, and handed the Negro some money.

The Negro turned to Oswald and said, in English, "I want to kill the man."

"You're not man enough, I can do it," Oswald answered.

Sanchez, intrigued at this conversation, called the U.S. Embassy several times to report that someone, he didn't know who, was going to be assassinated in the United States, but Embassy officials repeatedly told him to stop wasting their time.

When the news bulletins exploded before a shocked world Nov. 22, 1963, Sanchez no longer had to wonder who the victim was to be.

It seems Sanchez was not the only intelligence officer to have advance knowledge of an assassination plot. A CIA agent named Richard Nagell wrote a letter to FBI Dir. J. Edgar Hoover before the assassination and warned him quite specifically that Lee Harvey Oswald would be used to murder the President. Nagell told Hoover there was hard evidence of a conspiracy of far-reaching proportions, and that the conspiracy included David Ferrie, personal investigator for Carlos Marcello, New Orleans' Mafia chief, and a frequently used CIA operative.

The letter was ignored and has since either been destroyed or is buried in the TOP SECRET files.

Within a few hours after JFK's body was loaded onto Air Force One for the flight back to Washington, the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City was sending a top priority scrambled message to the State Department in Washington, mentioning Sanchez' report, but at the same time making it clear the report was not to be believed. Embassy officials were not going to be placed in the awkward position of having ignored legitimate evidence, so the evidence had to be labeled worthless.

The first steps had been taken to discredit Sanchez' story.

After intensive interrogation by Mexican authorities, Sanchez apparently decided there was something strange happening of which he wanted no part. He suddenly claimed his story had been a fantasy from the beginning.

No, he had never seen Oswald . . . ever.

No, he had not seen anyone receive money at the Cuban consulate.

No, he hadn't tried to call the U.S. Embassy in September, but had only called them after the assassination.

His motive, he said, was to get himself into the United States where he could join the anti-Castro exiles. He hated Castro and he had hoped his phony story might goad the U.S. into destroying Castro once and for all.

After the Mexican government released him, Sanchez felt he would get better treatment under American questioning and told CIA interrogators the Mexicans had forced him to retract his story. Sanchez agreed to take a lie detector test.

As he sat there answering questions and watching the stony expression on the faces of the CIA agents, he again suspected something was wrong.

"The polygraph says you're lying," said one of the agents.

"Well, I must be mistaken," Sanchez mumbled in a stunned daze as the enormity of the conspiracy began to sink in. He apologized and hastily left.

"Investigation . . . disclosed that the Embassy extension number 'D' he said he had called would not have given him the person he said he spoke to," the Warren Commission report claimed.

Intelligence agents, obviously, would not go through normal channels with information like this. Obviously, the extension Sanchez did mention was for real . . . or the Warren Commission would have fallen all over itself to say "there was no such extension."

The Commission also says Sanchez changed his story and said the incident occurred Sept. 17, not the 18th. On Sept. 17, Oswald was in New Orleans, at the Louisiana State Unemployment Commission; Sept. 18, the Commission says, he cashed a check at Winn-Dixie Store No. 1425 in New Orleans.

But the Commission has no proof that it was Oswald who cashed the check . . . only the check itself. Oswald could have been anywhere . . . even in Mexico, flown there by his friend and co-conspirator pilot David W. Ferrie, who made several trips to South America during this period.

Why would Sanchez come forward with a

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phony story? As a secret agent, he wouldn't have exposed himself unless it was something he considered important.

And try as it might, the Warren Commission cannot explain away the fact that there was a second report—in greater detail and from a U.S. agent (Richard Nagell)—which told of a plot to kill JFK . . . and that report specifically mentioned Lee Oswald and David Ferrie.

Sanchez's story was supposed to have been a fabrication, but interestingly enough, it was called that by a man very well acquainted with fabrications—a man who has made a number of fabrications himself, including one in which JFK supposedly ordered the assassination of the premier of South Vietnam.

That man, the man most probably in charge of the CIA interrogation of Sanchez in 1963 when he first reported his story, was E. Howard Hunt, the temporary CIA station chief in Mexico City. Howard Hunt's name crops up again and again in the unfolding story of the Kennedy murder—with the anti-Castro exiles, with the CIA, with the ultra-conservatives, and with assassination plots every bit as macabre and chilling as the plot which took John Kennedy's life under a hot Texas sun at high noon Nov. 22, 1963.

Hunt knows much more than he has revealed in his captivating books about his flamboyant CIA career. Now that his career is in ruins, his wife dead and his own health failing, will this spy come in out of the cold and tell what he knows about the mysterious events of September and October 1963?

The answer to that question is locked inside Hunt . . . where it may stay buried forever.